NUMB. CCLXI.

The SPECTATOR.

Singula de nobis anni prædantur euntes. Hor.

Friday, December 28. 1711.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Am now in the Sixty fifth Year of my Age, 'and having been the greater Part of my 'Days a Man of Pleaſure, the Decay of my 'Faculties is a Stagnation of my Life. 'But how is it, Sir, that my Appetites are encreaſed upon me with the Loſs of Power to gratify them? I write this, like a Criminal, to warn People to enter upon what Reformation they intend to make in themſelves in their Youth, and not expect they ſhall be capable of it from a fond Opinion ſome have often in their Mouths, that if they do not leave our Deſires they will leave us. I am far otherwiſe: I am now as vain in my Dreſs, and as ſlippant if I ſee a pretty Woman, as when in my Youth I ſtood upon a Bench in the Pit to survey the whole Circle of Beauties. The Folly was ſo extravagant with me, and I went on with ſo little Check of my Deſires, or Reſignation of them, that I can aſſure you I very often, merely to entertain my own Thoughts, ſit with my Spectacles on writing Love-Letters to the Beauties that have been long ſince in their Graves. This does warm my Heart with the feint Memory of Delights which were once agreeable to me; but how much happier would my Life have been now, if I could have looked back on any worthy Action done for my Country? If I had laid out that Wealth I profuſed in Luxury and Wantonneſs, in Acts of Generoſity or Charity? I have lived a Bachelour to this Day; and inſtead of a numerous Offſpring, with which, in the regular Ways of Life, I might poſſibly have delighted my Friends, I have only to amuſe my ſelf with the Repetition of old Stories and Intrigues which no one will believe I ever was concerned in. I do not know whether you have ever treated of it or not; but you cannot fall on a better Subject, than that of the Art of growing old. In ſuch a Lecture you muſt propoſe, that no one ſet his Heart upon what is tranſient: the Beauty grows wrinkled while we are yet gazing at her. The witty Man ſinks into a Humouriſt imperceptibly, for want of obſerving that all things around him are in a Flux and continually changing: Thus he is in the Space of Ten or Fifteen Years ſurrounded by a new Set of People, whoſe Manners are as natural to them as his Delights, Method of Thinking, and Mode of Living, were formerly to him and his Friends. But the Miſchief is, he looks upon the ſame Kind of Errours which he himſelf was guilty of with an Eye of Scorn, and with that ſort of Ill-will which Men entertain againſt each other for different Opinions: Thus a craſy Conſtitution and an uneaſy Mind is fretted with vexatious Paſſions for young Mens doing fooliſhly what it is Folly to do at all. Dear Sir, this is my preſent State of Mind; I hate thoſe I ſhould laugh at, and envy thoſe I contemn. The Time of Youth and vigorous Manhood paſſed the Way in which I have diſpoſed of it, is attended with theſe Conſequences; but to thoſe who live and paſs away Life as they ought, all Parts of it are equally pleaſant; only the Memory of good and worthy Actions is a Feaſt which muſt give a quicker Reliſh to the Soul, than ever it could poſſibly taſte in the higheſt Enjoyments or Jollities of Youth. As for me, if I ſit down in my great Chair and begin to ponder, the Vagaries of a Child are not more ridiculous than the Circumſtances which are heaped up in my Memory. Fine Gowns, Country-dances, Ends of Tunes, interrupted Converſations, and mid-night Quarrels, are what muſt neceſſarily compoſe my Soliloquy. I beg of you to print this, that ſome Ladies of my Acquaintance, and my Years, may be perſwaded to wear warm Night-caps this cold Seaſon; and that my old Friend *Jack Fowdery* may buy him a Cane, and not creep with the Air of a Strut. I muſt add to all this, that if it were not for one Pleaſure, which I thought a very mean one till of very late Years, I ſhould have no one great Satisfaction left; but if I live to the 10th of *March* 1714 and all my Securities are good, I ſhall be worth Fifty thouſand Pound.

I am,

SIR,

Your moſt humble Servant,

Jack Afterday.

Mr.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'YOU will infinitely oblige a diſtreſſed Lover, 'if you will inſert in your very next Paper 'the following Letter to my Miſtreſs. You muſt 'know I am not a Perſon apt to deſpair, but ſhe 'has got an odd Humour of ſtopping ſhort unac-'countably, and, as ſhe her ſelf ſaid a Confident of 'hers, ſhe has cold Fits. Theſe Fits ſhall laſt her 'a Month or ſix Weeks together; and as ſhe falls 'into them without Provocation, ſo it is to be hop-'ed ſhe will return from them without the Merit 'of new Services. But Life and Love will not 'admit of ſuch Intervals, therefore pray let her be 'admoniſhed as follows.

Madam,

"I Love you and I honour you; therefore pray "do not tell me of waiting till Decencies, "till Forms, till Humours are conſulted and grati-"fied. If you have that happy Conſtitution as to "be indolent for ten Weeks together, you ſhould "conſider that all that while I burn in Impatiences "and Feavers; but ſtill you ſay it will be Time "enough, tho' I and you too grow older while we "are yet talking. Which do you think the more "reaſonable, that you ſhould alter a State of In-"difference for Happineſs, and that to oblige me, "or I live in Torment, and that to lay no Manner "of Obligation upon you? While I indulge your "Inſenſibility I am doing nothing; if you favour "my Paſſion, you are beſtowing bright Deſires, gay "Hopes, generous Cares, noble Reſolutions, and "tranſporting Raptures upon,

Madam,

Your moſt devoted
humble Servant.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'HERE's a Gentlewoman lodges in the ſame 'Houſe with me that I never did any Injury 'to in my whole Life, and ſhe is always railing at 'me to thoſe that ſhe knows will tell me of it. 'Don't you think ſhe is in Love with me? or would 'you have me break my Mind yet or not?

Your Servant,
T. B.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Am a Footman in a great Family, and am in 'Love with the Houſe-maid. We were all at 'Hotcockles laſt Night in the Hall theſe Holidays; 'when I lay down and was blinded, ſhe pull'd off 'her Shoue, and hit me with the Heel ſuch a Rap 'as almoſt broke my Head to Pieces. Pray Sir, 'was this Love or Spite?

In laſt Tueſday's Spectator, *Col.* 3, *Line* 45, *for* doing *read* doing it.

At the Requeſt of ſeveral Perſons of Quality. By Her Majeſty's Company of Comedians.

AT the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane, this preſent Friday, being the 28th Day of December, will be preſented a Play call'd, The Libertine deſtroy'd. The Part of Don John by Mr. Mills, Jacomo by Mr. Johnſon, Don Antonio by Mr. Powell, Don Lopez by Mr. Booth, Don Franciſco by Mr. [illegible] onora by Mrs. Knight, Maria by Mrs. Porter, Clara by Mrs. Flavia by Mrs. [illegible] born.

AT the Queen's Theatre in the [illegible] Market, to Morrow, being Saturday, the 29th of [illegible] will be performed an Opera call'd Almahide. [illegible] manner to be performed by Mr. Barbier. No Perſon to be admitted without Tickets. To begin Exactly at Six.

Loſt about the 9th Inſtant from Frith-ſtreet near Soho ſquare, a ſmall black Danish Dog, all his Feet white, a white down his Face, and a white Ring almost round his Neck, and [illegible] lately loſt one of his Claws. Whoever ſhall bring him to Mr. [illegible] Coffee-houſe in Gerrard-ſtreet ſhall have half a Guinea a Reward and no Queſtions aſked. And if any one hath taken up a ſm[all] Roman Seal ſet in Gold, the Coats or Arms being [illegible] Bend on the Man's Side, and 3 Owls on a Bend on the Woman's Side, if they bring it to the beforeſaid Houſe, ſhall have [illegible] if pawned or ſold their Money again.

This is to give Notice, That Mr. Eſtcourt has choſen and laid in to the Bumper Tavern in James's-ſtreet, Covent-Garden, (which will be opened on Tueſday the firſt of January with the beſt Accommodation) near natural Wines, fresh and in perfection, being bought of Brooke and Reſhe, by whom the [illegible] Tavern will from Time to Time be ſupplied with the beſt Wines that ſhall be imported, to be ſold by wholeſale as well as retail with the utmoſt Fidelity by his old Servant trufty Anthony, who has often adorned both the Theatres in Eng and and Ireland, and is a Perſon altogether unknowing in the Wine Trade, ſo cannot be doubted but that he will deliver the Wine in the ſame natural [illegible] that he receives it from the ſaid Merchants: And on theſe Advantages he hopes that all his Friends and Acquaintance will become his Cuſtomers, deſiring a Continuance of their Favours no longer than they ſhall find themſelves well ſerved. Note, The beſt Grounds of France will alſo conſtantly be ſold at the aboveſaid Tavern.

A SALE of WINES by RETALE.

Excellent new Bene-Carlo Barcelona, Red [illegible] White Oporto, and Red Seraguila, at 5 s. per Gallon and [illegible] Quart; Mountain Malaga at 6 s. 6 d. per Gallon and 20 d. [illegible] Alſo curious new French Claret and White Wine at 7 s. per Gallon. All true neat Wines, and fit to Bottle; in a Vault under the Houſe of Mr. Saunderſon, Merchant, in St. Sweethin's-lane, near Dowgate, one to the Riſing-Sun and Dial, that End leading into Cannon-ſtreet. Attendance every Day till Night.

Mr. Whiſton's Primitive Chriſtianity Reviv'd, 4 Volumes, 8vo. being ſome time ſince publiſhed, and a [illegible] greateſt part of the Impreſſion diſpos'd of, the remaining [illegible] are deſired to ſend or bring their Tickets and Money ſtill [illegible] the ſeveral Places whence they took them out, where the [illegible] be delivered them. The remainder of the Impreſſion is to be ſold by the Author at his Houſe the lower end of Crane-Court, in Fleet-Garden, at 11. 4 s. the 4 Volumes in Sheets, till the 25th of January, when the Price will be increaſed to 11. 6 s. as was at firſt intended.

The Compleat Gameſter; or, Inſtructions how to play at all Manner of uſual and moſt gentile Games, [illegible] Cards, Dice, Billiards, Tricks, Bowls, or Cheſs; alſo the [illegible] Miſteries of Riding, Racing, Archery, and Cock-fighting, to which is added the Game at Raffet, with a Diſcourſe of Gaming in general, the Deſcription of a Gaming Ordinary, and the Character of a Gameſter, with a Song on the Game at Piquet. All regulated by the moſt experienc'd Maſters. Printed for Charles Brome at the Gun at the Weſt End of St. Paul's Church. Price 1 s. 6 d.

Juſt publiſhed,

The old and new Miniſtry compar'd as to their grand Points, Bribery and Corruption from France, a Penſioner the Spaniſh Monarchy, the Plea of the Prerogative of the Crown, making Peace, War, and Alliances. Printed for A. Baldwin at the Oxford Arms in Warwick lane. Price 6 d.

Famous Drops for Hypocondriack Melancholy, Which effectually cure on the Spot, by rectifying the Stomach, Blood, cleanſing them from all Impurities, and giving a new [illegible] their Ferment, attenuating all viſcous tenacious Humours that make the Head heavy, clog the Spirits, confuſe the Mind, and [illegible] the deepeſt Melancholly, with direful Views and black Ideas, comforting the Brain and Nerves, compoſing the hurried Spirits, and introducing bright lively Ideas and pleaſant Briskneſs, diſmiſs Apprehenſions and dark Incumbrance of the Soul, [illegible] Intellectuals at Liberty to act with Courage, Serenity and Chearfulneſs, and cauſing a viſible diffuſive Joy to reign in the [illegible] of uneaſy Doubts, Fears, &c. for which they may be truly [illegible] infallible. Price 3 s. 6 d. a Bottle, with Directions. Sold by Mr. Bell's Bookſeller at the Croſs-Keys and Bible in Cornhill [illegible] the Royal-Exchange.

LONDON: Printed for *Sam. Buckley*, at the *Dolphin* in *Little-Britain*; Sold by *A. Baldwin* in *Warwick-Lane*; where Advertiſements are taken in; as alſo by *Charles Lillie*, Perfumer, at the Corner of *Beauford-Buildings* in the *Strand*.